

SONGS, DUETTS, TRIOS, &c. &c.

IN THE

C O M I C O P E R A

O F

FIRE AND WATER!

PERFORMED AT THE

T H E A T R E - R O Y A L

I N T H E

H A Y - M A R K E T.

L O N D O N :

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M.DCC.LXXX.

(Price SIX-PENCE.)



ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Author of this Piece having more than once been favour'd by the Public; embolden'd by former Successes, again presumes to solicit their Indulgence. Tho' he engages two of the Elements in his Service, he flatters himself he shall not be thought out of his own, and has only to hope that *Fire* and *Water* may not produce a *Hiss*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Launch,	- - - -	Mr. BANNISTER.
Tremor,	- - - -	Mr. WILSON,
Frederick,	- - -	Mr. DUELLAMY.
Ambuscade,	- - -	Mr. EDWIN.
Sulphur,	- - -	Mr. GARDNER.
San Benito,	- - -	Mr. BLISSETT.
Firebrand,	- - -	Mr. WALKER.
Fripon,	- - -	Mr. WEWITZER.
Commode,	- - -	Mrs. WEBB.
Nancy,	- - -	Miss HARPER.

Workmen, Soldiers, Sailors, &c.

S O N G S, &c.

I N

F I R E A N D W A T E R !

A C T I.

CHORUS *of Workmen.*

CHEAR, my lads, and work away,
Joyous, jolly, brisk and gay,
Freely toiling thro' the day,
Chear, my lads, and work away.

LAUNCH.

LAUNCH.

Hark! the hammer's welcome sound;
 Ev'ry stroke,
 British oak,
Makes the British heart rebound.

NANCY.

With what joy my thread I'd seize,
With what joy my fingers wear,
Could I thus with so much ease
Weave a net to hold my dear!

Winds and waves now bear him far;
Far from Nancy doom'd to rove;
Where, amidst the din of war,
He p-rhaps forgets his love.

LAUNCH.

Hark, the hammer strikes again!
 Ev'ry blow,
 Britain's foe,
Hears re-echo'd o'er the main.

CHORUS *repeated.*

Chear, my lads, &c. &c.

A I R.

(7)

A I R

N A N C Y.

Sure 'twou'd make a dismal story,
If when honor leads him on,
Love shou'd flight the cause of glory,
Or disdain its wounded son.

If his country's right's depending,
He shou'd some disaster prove,
Pity with affection blending,
Will but more increase my love.

S O N G.

S O N G.

L A U N C H.

When we found and we thump it,
 The drum and the trumpet;
 When Britain for vengeance and victory tries,
 Do you think that our youth,
 To indulge a colt's tooth,
 Will abandon their truth,
 And their country forsooth,
 To mine and his Majesty's enemies?

When our statesmen and heroes,
 Like Cæsars and Neros,
 Have carried our arms and our fame to the skies,
 Then, my girl, if your mind
 Is for wedlock inclin'd,
 You may say something kind,
 To all that you find,
 But mine and his Majesty's enemies.

SONG.

(9)

S O N G.

FREDERICK.

The hardy sons of Britain's isle,
Undaunted yield their breath;
And cheer their country with a smile,
In danger and in death.

When peace with soften'd brow invites,
And ev'ry hour's serene;
They seek fair virtue's calm delights,
And court the tranquil scene.

When hostile troops invade their shores,
They move in dread array,
Resentment all its fury pours,
And terror marks their way.

B

SONG.

S O N G.

TREMOR.

If ever they venture to land on our coast,
Myself I will march to attack 'em;
And soon they shall learn to know who rules the
roast;
Odzooks how we'll cut 'em and hack 'em!

Lord bless me! they're coming,
Good heaven preserve us!
This piping and drumming
Has made me so nervous!
Come, son, let's retire and fall into the rear—
How I long to be at 'em! you know I hate fear;
Oh dear,
I hate fear,
Oh dear, &c.

SONG.

((11))

S O N G.

A M B U S C A D E.

Tho' I practise the science of Arms,
Yet trust me I think it an evil;
And fighting for me has such charms,
That I'd rather shake hands with the devil.
I aim the blow
At friend and foe,
But still I look pleas'd all the while;
I hit my mark,
Secure in the dark;
Retire and advance,
Sing, caper and prance,
And stab all the world with a smile.

Tol, lol, de rol.

S O N G.

F R E D E R I C K.

To win my Nancy's early love
 (For soon my flame burst forth)
In honour's field I anxious strove
 To give it humble worth:
The poor desert she deign'd to prize,
 Approv'd my well-meant toil,
Chear'd my return with glist'ning eyes,
 And paid me with a smile.

BALLAD.

B A L L A D.

N A N C Y.

For thee all the hardships of life I could bear,
And brave the attacks of misfortune and care;
But care and misfortune my mind wou'd subdue,
If the friend of my heart must partake of them
too.

Had fate from its bounty propitiously lent
Enough but to furnish the cot of content;
The dictates of love in that cot I'd pursue,
For the friend of my heart wou'd partake of it
too.

But Nancy, with nought but her truth to endear,
With nothing to lend to distress but a tear;
Can ne'er look for comfort with ruin in view,
And the friend of her heart to partake of it too.

MEDLEY SONG.

AMBUSCADE.

Cast, my love, thine eyes around,
 See the conqu'ring hero comes!
 Sound the trumpet, beat the drums;
 Blow high, blow low,
 No flower that blows
 Is like this rose;

Hark forward, huzza, tally-ho —

If 'tis joy to wound a lover,
 How much more to give him ease!
 Dearest creature,
 Of all nature,

Oh how pleasing 'tis to please!
 For he's aye kissing, kissing me,
 Careless, airy, gay, and free.

By my sighs you may discover—the heavy hours—
 Here's my watch, and you may view it,

Tol de rol, de ra ra, &c.

Then come pretty maid,

Nay, don't be afraid,

And we'll strew the way over with flow'rs,

Ribberi, bobberi, ribberi, bibberi bino.

SONG

SONG and CHORUS.

LAUNCH, &c.

'Tis honour impels us
The foe to defy,
And liberty tells us
To conquer or die.
The double, double, double beat,
Of the thundering drum,
Cries hark ! The foe's come,
Charge, charge, for we scorn to retreat.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

S O N G.

C O M M O D E.

WID song and story idle
De foe we always lull,
And in a silken bridle
We lead about Jean Bull :
But if no more de ballad
Can make de tale belief,
Den hey for soup and fallad,
Adieu, adieu, roast beef.

Since you and I togeder
De die of fortune cog,
We'll fly to sunshine weader,
And quit de English fog :
For when no more de ballad
Can make de tale belief,
Den hey for soup and fallad,
Adieu, adieu, roast beef.

R O N D E A U.

R O N D E A U.

AMBUSCADE, FRIPON and COMMODORE.

O Jean Anglois, O Jean Anglois, how kind
you've always been,
To see us come with open arms, and let us
take you in!

O Jean Anglois, &c.

We pass ourselves for what we please, your
confidence betray,
And when we can no longer pass, we pass our-
selves away.

O Jean Anglois, &c.

A M B U S C A D E.

We manage from your emptiness, our pockets
well to load,
Then cram you with all sorts of stuff, and
swear it is the mode;
You take our fashions and our words, we only
take your pence,
And furnish you with all you want, unless 'tis
common sense.

O Jean Anglois, &c.

C

SONG.

S O N G.

N A N C Y.

Oh! how can a virgin resist the soft flame,
 When nature nor reason condemn,
 Or why will our parents that tenderness blame,
 Which once was so grateful to them?
 In youth's frolic hour
 True love has the power
 To save us, if well understood;
 It frees from alarm,
 Protects us from harm,
 And prompts us to all that is good;
 For when the soft union of hearts is our own,
 With anxious endeavor
 To fix it for ever,
 Each virtue we have, we with rapture make
 known.

SONG.

(19)

S O N G.

L A U N C H.

If business or pleasure you want with my lord,
The Swiss or the Frenchman is ready ;
Or would you with madam put in for a word,
He too has a key for my lady.
Is peace to be made ?
Monsieur must be paid,
Or 'gainst you he'll surely denounce ill ;
In love or in war
He'll out-trick you far,
And shine in the cabinet council.

SONG.

S O N G.

TRIPON.

Guillot près de sa Guillemette,
Guillemette près de Guillot,
Grelottoient tous deux — tête-a-tête,
Tranfi de froid, comme des fots.

Mais l'Amour qui ne'st pas si bête,
Leur dit vous etez bien nigaud ;
Pauvre Guillot et Guillemette
Que ne brulez vous un fagôt.

VOUDE-

V O U D E V I L L E.

F R E D E R I C K.

Pass the chearful bowl around,
Mirth is still with firmness found,
Valour shall go forth to war,
Drawn in hope's triumphant car.

L A U N C H.

All the danger England knows,
Springs from dark insidious foes,
Britain bravely will defy,
And beat her open enemy.
Pass, &c. &c.

N A N C Y.

Love shall round the victor's brows
Twine the wreath that fame bestows,
And with beauty's grateful dow'r,
Bless the Hero's softer hour.
Love shall round, &c.

T R E M O R.

TREMOR.

Light up smiles in every town,
Let old care be melted down,
Burn with ardour, and command
All the fat that's in the land.
Pass the chearful, &c.

LAST CHORUS.

Pass the chearful bowl around,
Mirth is still with firmness found,
And our troops sustain'd by you, [*to the Audience.*]
Hope to be triumphant too.

4 AP 54

THE END.

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